

Around the Bend

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Around the Bend

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Summary

The first time Derek catches sight of the new yoga instructor, Stiles is in the middle of showing a class how to do downward-facing dog. Derek walks into a wall.

Things don't exactly improve from there.

Derek can't stop staring at Stiles, the bendy new yoga instructor at his family's gym. Stiles thinks Derek's a repressed homophobe who hates Stiles for making him want the D. They fall in love.

Notes

For the crackfic you are about to receive, please thank Misha Collins.

No yoga instructors were harmed in the writing of this fic.

- Translation into Русский available: [Around the Bend](#) by [ejovvika](#)
- Translation into Français available: [Around the bend](#) by [phoenix8351](#)

The first time Derek catches sight of the new yoga instructor, Stiles is in the middle of showing a class how to do downward-facing dog. Derek walks into a wall.

Things don't exactly improve from there.

It's not that Derek has never seen an attractive guy doing yoga before. Derek works in a gym; he is constantly surrounded by people with ridiculous bodies (admittedly none quite so ridiculous as his). But something about the way Stiles's neck looks when he's doing ustrasana makes it physically impossible for Derek to look away. It's like watching live porn.

Derek needs help.

Preferably quickly and without Laura noticing. Because Laura has already noticed Derek's, er, issue. Several times. This is the problem with being related to werewolves: you can't hide crushes from them, no matter how inconvenient. They can always tell. Derek is just grateful Cora is away at college right now.

Really, really grateful, Derek decides when Stiles walks into the staff room and he sees the shark smile form on Laura's lips.

Derek finishes his break early.

Unfortunately for Derek, his mom hired Erica to fill in for Cora, and that means if he has any hope of surviving with his dignity intact, he has to convince Erica to do him a favor. And Erica may be human, but she is psychic (or else just a supergossip) and also terrifying.

"I will wash your car for you if you swap shifts with me this week," Derek begs.

Erica makes a big show of looking for imperfections on her nails (ridiculous, they're not even painted) and asks nonchalantly, "Why?"

"Because I want to do the morning shift."

Erica cocks her head as if thinking. "You hate the morning shift. The last time I left you on mornings, you grumbled for a week and made me buy you a death by chocolate cupcake as repayment."

It's true: he does, he did, and she did too. The cupcake was delicious. Erica spent a week complaining about how Derek should weigh three hundred pounds.

"Erica..." he whines.

She pops her gum. "There's obviously some hideously embarrassing reason for it. So tell me and maybe I'll say yes."

Fuck. She is *ruthless*. Derek stares at the ceiling and tries not to whimper. Will it be worth it?

"There's an expiry date on this offer, Derek. Tick tock."

Oh God damn it. “I’m going to get fired for workplace sexual harassment.”

Erica meets Derek’s embarrassing word vomit with silence. Derek closes his eyes for a second, bracing himself, before he opens them and sees:

Erica grinning like a fiend. “I knew it! You want to bang the new yoga teacher!”

“Jesus, Erica, could you say that any louder?” Derek takes a furtive glance around, but they’re alone in her dance studio.

“Sure I could,” says Erica to be perverse, and then takes a deep breath as though she’s about to yell.

“So are you going to help me or not?” Derek cuts in, because that can’t happen.

“I don’t think you could teach my 9:00 a.m. Zumba class even if I did swap you,” she says. Then she looks him up and down salaciously and adds, “Not that I wouldn’t love to watch.”

“So teach me,” Derek begs. Oh God this is going to suck so much. “Little old ladies do it. It can’t be that hard. Erica, *please*.”

Finally Erica smiles. With rather a lot of teeth. “Well,” she says, “since you asked so nicely.”

*

Stiles loves his new job. Teaching yoga at the Hale gym with lots of hours and decent pay is the best job Stiles has ever had. He’s worked some pretty shitty yoga instructor jobs, and a lot of gyms are unequipped and don’t pay well. Stiles once taught two classes at a gym that wanted to pay him \$15 an hour. Happily Hale Gym pays by enrollment.

Also the eye candy at Hale gym is pretty decent. Seriously, Hale genetics are blessed. Even Mrs. Hale is still hot even though she’s older than Stiles’s dad.

Despite his current happiness with his job, though, there is the slight hiccup of Derek.

Stiles doesn’t get Derek.

Actually he suspects *nobody* gets Derek. In any sense of the word, because despite the fact that he is in fact hotter than the face of the sun, Derek has not had a date since Stiles started work. Stiles knows because he asked Erica and Erica knows everything about everyone. Apparently nobody is tapping that, which just flat-out boggles his mind.

Aside from his seeming lack of interest in sex, there’s also the fact that Derek’s kind of broody. Stiles is almost certain Derek hates him. Otherwise what is up with the intense staring? But they haven’t actually *spoken* to each other, so Stiles doesn’t know what he might have done.

And right now he can’t think about it either. Right now the only thought he is capable of having about Derek is: *what*.

Because Derek... Derek is... well, Stiles is watching Erica teach Derek how to Zumba.

Never mind that Zumba classes are Erica's thing. His mind rebels at the thought of *Derek Hale* Zumba-ing. When Stiles walks past the dance room, Erica is showing Derek a side step that gets his hands and legs moving. Derek is... unfairly talented at it. He doesn't have any trouble keeping up with Erica.

Then, because Stiles's life is just not fair, Erica teaches Derek a circular step where he sways his hips in a circle. Stiles's brain freezes. Happily neither Erica nor Derek seem to notice Stiles is watching from the sidelines because both of them are too busy staring at Derek's hips in the mirror: Derek in concentration, Erica with appreciation. Seriously, Stiles doesn't blame her; the real-world applications of this are not lost on him either.

Then Erica proves that she's an evil genius because she makes Derek throw his hands in the air and just... gyrate. Derek frowns in concentration as he tries to emulate her.

Stiles can't take any more. He decides to go find answers. As soon as his erection calms down enough not to be blatantly obvious. Stupid yoga pants.

He comes across Talia in the staff room, next month's class schedule spread out in front of her. "Stiles! I was just about to look for you. Do you think you could handle another class of beginners' yoga? The enrollment numbers are higher than we expected."

Stiles grins. "Yeah, sure!" He prefers teaching the more advanced classes, but he needs students who are ready to take them first. "Hey, uh, this might sound weird, but... is Erica leaving?"

Setting down her highlighter, Talia frowns. "She hasn't mentioned anything to me. Why, did she say something to you?"

Stiles shakes his head. "No, no. It's just that she's teaching Derek Zumba? And I thought that was kind of"—absurdly hot—"weird."

Judging by Talia's expression, she's not buying the "weird" thing. "Maybe Derek has developed an interest?"

"Maybe," Stiles concedes, though he's not convinced.

"Or maybe," says Laura, gliding into the room (she's that graceful, the fucker), "Derek has developed a burning problem that conflicts with his current work schedule." She smiles at Stiles, but there is nothing friendly about the show of teeth.

"Speaking of schedules, it looks like that new beginners class should be first thing in the morning!" Laura sounds way too happy about this. Who the hell is happy about early-morning work? Clearly only the people who don't have to work it, since it doesn't matter to Laura when the class schedule gets drawn up, as she only ever works the desk in the afternoons. No, Isaac is the poor unlucky soul working the front desk every morning (though the weirdo insists he likes early mornings, but whatever. Stiles totally has his suspicions

about Isaac and Scott's 6:00 a.m. daily workouts, but he's not saying because Scott and Isaac helped him get this job).

"Right," Stiles says. He has twenty minutes until his next class starts; he should head to the yoga studio to get ready. "Well, I've got to go teach, so..." He gives a little wave and lets himself out. Laura and her mom are being *weird* today. *All* of the Hales are being weird today. Maybe it's a full moon or something.

Whatever else can be said about his job, it does help Stiles focus. By the time his class starts filing in, he's already put Derek out of his mind. Considering Stiles's epic lifelong battle with ADHD, he deserves a pat on the back. His concentration never falters... until he looks up in the middle of bridge pose and sees Derek staring at him through the studio window.

Technically the window is supposed to be one-way. The students shouldn't be able to see outside the classroom; it distracts their focus. But Stiles is at the front of the room on the floor, and the angle compromises the glass, so he has a perfect view. Derek's just a little sweaty from his Zumba workout, making his athletic T-shirt stick to him even more deliciously than normal. His eyes are dark. And for once he isn't scowling.

Stiles's breath rushes out of him when Derek licks his lips. *Oh*.

There are a few poses Stiles almost never does in class. Plough is one of them, the reason being he doesn't need his entire class to know he can suck his own dick. But if Derek's been a jerk to him just because he can't handle wanting a piece of this? Two can play at that game.

Stiles peeks over and sees that his class isn't yet ready, so he figures he'll just continue with his warm-up. Lying flat on his back, he lifts his legs into the air, then his hips off the floor, and finally lets his legs fall back over his head so his toes are touching the mat. He takes a few deep breaths and considers the merits of bending his knees so they touch the floor on either side of his head. Ultimately Stiles decides not to, since that will definitely put the idea of autofellatio into his students' heads.

Stiles takes a few deep breaths, taking full benefit of the pose, and tries to subtly peer around his legs to see what Derek is doing. Derek goes wide-eyed and stares for a few long moments before he suddenly turns blotchy red, spins sharply on his heel, and stomps out.

Ugh, Stiles is too old to be dealing with someone else's homophobic gay crisis. It was bad enough encountering supposed straight boys at college who wanted Stiles to suck their cock, but not to date him. Shouldn't Derek be past the stage of pulling pigtails and hurling insults because he can't deal with his own urges?

If Derek wants to be a dick because he can't handle his lust for Stiles's nubile body, that's his problem. Stiles has better things to worry about. Like getting out of plough pose and teaching yoga to all the lovely people who are staring at him with shock, envy, and a little bit of lust.

*

For the first time in his life, Derek hates being a werewolf. No other person on the *planet* would have this problem. *Sixteen-year-olds* don't have this problem. People abusing *Viagra*

don't have this problem. The problem being: Derek cannot wear his dick out.

His refractory period has defeated him. Just when he thinks he's jerked off enough thinking about Stiles—about Stiles's stupid long limbs and long fingers and *Jesus Christ his mouth*—about literally bending him in half because Stiles can *obviously take it*—

Jesus fuck he's hard again.

All of this jerking off has to be accomplished at home in his own loft, of course, because of werewolf noses. Derek's not stupid enough to give Laura any more ammunition. But Derek now teaches a 9:00 a.m. Zumba class, and getting off a couple times before work means he has to wake up really fucking early.

You might think the constant orgasms would put him in an agreeable mood, but no. Particularly when he walks in the door for his first morning teaching Zumba and there's Stiles, pink and fucking *glowing* from his first class of the day. Because of course his mom scheduled the new yoga class the same mornings Derek teaches Zumba. Of course she did.

Maybe Derek should move to Alaska.

"Morning, Derek," Stiles says cheerily with an obnoxious smile.

Derek scowls and tries not to think too much about how much he'd like to kiss that stupid smile off of Stiles's stupid face.

"How are you this morning? Don't you just love starting the day with invigorating exercise?"

Derek would very much like to start his day engaging in all sorts of exertions with Stiles... and there goes Derek's dick again. Derek curses to himself. Externally he just keeps glaring at Stiles and grunts.

Derek tends to be preverbal in the mornings. Laura says he's preverbal almost all the time, but what does she know? She might have a degree in business management, but Derek studied English lit.

"Well, it's been lovely chatting with you, Derek, as always. Let's do this again sometime! Maybe after my next morning class. We'll run into each other, I'll talk, you'll grunt, it'll be great!" Stiles claps a hand on Derek's bicep—is Derek imagining things or did he just linger?—and then wanders off, and, okay, Derek is totally not imagining the extra sway to Stiles's walk. Derek watches him sashay down the hall, his gaze fixed on his hips, until Stiles turns the corner and is gone.

Isaac gives him a sympathetic smile. Fuck Derek's life.

*

Working at Hale Gym continues to be awesome even in the face of Derek's surliness and Stiles's shiny new morning hours. Weirdly, one of the best things about the change is getting to hang out with Isaac, who is pretty cool even if he does totally want to bone Scott, which—Stiles loves Scott, he does, but Isaac has terrible taste. Scott isn't even a *tiny* bit gay.

At least he's not a homophobe, though.

"Ugh," Stiles finally says in disgust one morning after a particularly sharp exchange with Derek. He looks over at Isaac balefully. "How come he's not like this with you?"

Isaac blinks back at him. "You mean why don't Derek and I exchange creepy mean foreplay banter at work? Maybe because we don't want to bone each other stupid?"

Stiles's mouth drops open and he feels a flush creeping up the back of his neck. "That's not—I don't—ugh, fine, I kind of want to hate-sex him a little. I just meant, you're very attractive, with the cherubic curls and the cheekbones I could shave with. How come Derek's not pissed at *you* for giving him a gay sex boner?"

Either Isaac is very dumb or what Stiles has just said makes no sense whatsoever, because he just keeps staring. Then he says, "First of all, I'm not Derek's type. Second of all, Derek's bi, dude."

Wait, what?

"Derek's bi? He's an out and experienced bisexual?"

Isaac nods slowly, like he's worried Stiles won't follow if he moves too fast. Stiles would be insulted, except apparently Stiles has failed to notice that Derek is not in fact a closet homophobe.

"Wait, so if he's not having a gay crisis, why does he hate me?" Because really? Stiles is not used to being so disliked. Well, there was Jackson, but Jackson was an anomaly. Everyone else likes Stiles, because he's awesome. And Derek might be unfriendly to Stiles, but he's generally good to everyone else. The guy is a damn puppy when it comes to his family, for all he mumbles about Laura's evil ways. Stiles won't even go into the time he walked into the staff room to find Derek talking to his little sister on the phone, because if he does he'll start thinking about Derek's open face as he showed off his gooey marshmallow center. He was sweetness personified to *her*.

Ugh. So much for not thinking about such things. Also, Stiles is totally craving some snacks now. Something sweet.

"Um," says Isaac, and right, Stiles asked a question. "Well, Derek might have some issues?"

Stiles blinks to hear that totally unsurprising news. Anyone who's seen Derek and knows of his celibate lifestyle can guess that much. Also: Derek's method of coping with sexual desire is to treat the object of said desire with contempt. Stiles *knows* about Derek's issues.

"No, you don't," Isaac counters, "because I doubt Laura or Talia told you about Kate, and she left before Erica got here."

"Kate?"

"Yeah. She and Derek dated, and it didn't end well. Kate was...." Isaac looks down, his whole face telegraphing unhappiness. Clearly Isaac does not have fond memories. "She was

nasty, manipulative. She used to—well, it doesn't matter *what* she used to, just that it wasn't healthy."

What? Obviously it matters what she used to. Equally obviously, though, Isaac isn't going to tell him, so Stiles keeps his mouth shut, hoping for more details.

"But Derek got out." Isaac lifts his gaze as he says this, stressing the words "got out" like he wants Stiles to understand that this was a big deal.

Message received. Stiles takes a deep breath and asks the only question he has that might have a hope of being answered. "So he broke up with her? That must have been awkward, since she worked here and all."

Isaac shrugs. "Not really, since she was fired and arrested for trying to burn down the gym the day after they broke up."

Stiles stares at him. Well, fuck. He remembers his dad talking about Kate Argent and her arson attempt, but he didn't know that had anything to do with Derek. All this time he thought Derek was being a dick when—

Stiles's stomach churns unpleasantly. When it turns out Stiles is the asshole.

Shit.

*

Tuesday morning, Derek opens the door to his office to find a box of cupcakes on his desk. The note, which just reads "Sorry! ☹," is unsigned, but the room smells like Stiles.

Derek spends the whole day wondering if he's supposed to say thank you or if the cupcakes were supposed to be anonymous. But what's the point of apologizing if you don't say who you are?

On Wednesday, when he walks into the gym, Stiles just says, "Morning, Derek," and smiles at him like he means it.

Derek's throat goes a little dry and his face does—something unfamiliar. It might be a smile; Derek can't see it. "Morning," he rasps. Apparently his voice isn't up to the task of sounding friendly at this time of day. Possibly at any time of day.

It's on the tip of his tongue to ask what the cupcakes are about—Derek hasn't the slightest idea what Stiles could have done that would warrant a two-thousand-calorie apology—but then the McCall kid walks out after his shower and sidles over to Isaac, and just. Derek can't watch that train wreck again. He meets Stiles's eyes and winces.

"Well," Stiles says too loudly, "we've got classes to teach. Later, Scott, Isaac"—and then he takes Derek by the wrist and basically drags him into the staff room.

Derek closes the door behind him and leans against it, realizing a little too late that he's blocking the exit, but it doesn't matter—Stiles isn't trying to get away. "Why do we have to

watch that every morning?” he asks the ceiling. “Why are we being punished? That shit’s depressing.”

Stiles sighs and agrees. “Isaac has bad taste or bad luck. Though my sympathy for him grows every time Scott comes in. I never knew he was such an unintentional tease. Seriously.”

Derek grunts. Stiles isn’t wrong. Derek is fairly sure that Scott has no idea about Isaac’s crush. He also is pretty sure Scott isn’t purposely showing up half-dressed to flirt with Isaac. It’s kind of sad, really, how good a job Scott is doing at seducing someone without even trying.

“So... how go the Zumba classes?” Stiles asks. He sounds like he’s trying to fill the silence.

Derek shrugs. “This is my last morning teaching. Erica and I only swapped shifts for a couple of weeks. It was supposed to only be a week, but...” He doesn’t mention that he regretted the deal as soon as he found out his early mornings wouldn’t mean actually avoiding Stiles, or that Erica discovered the afternoon shift was more to her liking right about the time she discovered that the gorgeous (and ripped) Boyd delivers mail every afternoon.

Derek now suffers through early mornings for no reason so Erica can enjoy eye candy. Happily Boyd isn’t as oblivious as Scott, picked up on Erica’s interest straight away, and asked her out a few days ago. When Derek went to Erica begging to give her early mornings back, Erica was in a good mood and agreed.

“I’ll be back to my regular schedule next week.”

“Ah, cool,” says Stiles, nodding one time too many. It’s ridiculous, but that’s not atypical for Stiles. Unfortunately for Derek, Stiles can look distractingly sexy and ridiculous at the same time.

So that’s kind of weird. Not Stiles looking ridiculous; that’s par for the course. But the nervousness—that’s weird. Derek’s not blind, deaf, or stupid; he’s aware Stiles is attracted to him. But this is the first time he’s acted like it instead of just smelling like it.

“Look,” Stiles says after a minute of silence, after which Derek belatedly realizes he’s still blocking the door, “I just wanted to apologize. In person instead of, you know, with cowardly baked goods.”

Derek blinks. “Cowardly?”

Stiles blushes a little, then grins, the corners of his eyes crinkling. “Yeah, you know, didn’t they scream in terror when you sank your teeth into their tender flesh?”

Jesus God, Stiles should not be allowed to say things like *tender flesh* to a horny werewolf. Derek clears his throat. “So the apology was for...?”

This time Stiles blushes a *lot*. The flush extends from his cheekbones down to his collarbone. Maybe farther, but that’s as low as the collar of his shirt allows Derek to see. Damn it, he

wants to put his mouth on that skin. “I sort of got the wrong idea, um, about you, and I was a dick.”

Derek frowns. So the mean flirting—that was Stiles being a dick? Derek could give him some lessons.

“So,” Stiles continues with a shrug, “uh. Sorry.”

Interesting. “Apology accepted,” Derek says when he realizes he’s been quiet too long.

Sagging in obvious relief, Stiles smiles at him. “Awesome. Hey, I’m glad we cleared that up.”

Awkward silence.

“I have to go teach my class now,” Stiles says with a quirk to one corner of his stupid mouth.

Jesus, Derek thinks as he finally gets out of the way. This kid is going to be the death of him.

*

The following week brings more early morning yoga classes and the great disappointment that is Zumba classes without Derek. Stiles had taken to hiding outside the classroom and spying on Derek’s teaching techniques. Derek was definitely worth spying on since his hips don’t lie, and Stiles was definitely feeling it, and he needs to stop quoting Shakira. He’s never going to be able to listen to that song without getting hard again, and that’s bad enough.

Happily, Stiles teaches at all hours of the day, so he still gets to see Derek, which is good, because Derek is nice to look at.

It’s also a little bad, because while Derek can gyrate and sway his hips distressingly on beat, he can also lift more than his own body weight. Stiles is pretty sure he saw Derek lift more than *Stiles’s* body weight just doing arm curls yesterday, and he never even broke a sweat. Watching Derek’s arms flex is more distressing than his dance skills ever could be. Because while Stiles appreciates a man with good rhythm, a man who can lift him and pin him to the wall.... Mm.

Stiles shakes himself out of his thoughts and reminds himself that he is, in fact, at work, and please, could his cock go back into hiding like a good little ashamed libido?

Isaac’s smirk suggests that Stiles isn’t winning that particular battle.

“Whatever,” Stiles grumbles at him. “Not everyone can hide their boner behind their desk all day.”

Then he immediately feels bad, because Isaac’s puppy face rivals Scott’s, and Stiles ends up hugging him into accepting his apology, though not until after thoughts of Scott’s puppy face have effectively killed the mood. “Sorry.” He sighs. “I seem to be saying that a lot lately.”

Isaac gives a pathetic shrug that makes Stiles want to slam Scott’s head against the wall a few times. Isaac doesn’t deserve this. “It’s fine, I get it. Good call with the cupcakes, by the way,”

he says. “Who told you about his sweet tooth?”

“Laura.” Stiles still can’t believe that didn’t end badly. Laura seems like the kind of person who takes vicious enjoyment out of sabotaging other people’s relationships. Especially when those relationships involve her brother.

Isaac raises his eyebrows. “Brave.”

Stiles snorts. “No way, this was the opposite of brave. Those were cowardly ‘sorry I thought you were a homophobic dickhead who hated me because I made you want the D’ cupcakes.”

Across the gym, something clanks loudly. Stiles looks over to see Derek having some kind of equipment malfunction. Stiles licks his lips and turns back to Isaac, trying not to get distracted. “I sort of maybe caught him staring when I was warming up before class one day. He looked like he wanted to nail me through my yoga mat and then brutally murder me and hide the body.”

Another clank. That machine must be having serious issues.

Isaac smirks. “I meant taking Laura’s advice was brave.”

“Oh.”

“Though I wouldn’t mind hearing more about this yoga spying,” Isaac says, and there’s a mischievous light in his eyes. Stiles doesn’t know what that is about. He’s not sure he wants to know either.

Still, he owes Isaac something after that recent bout of assbattery, so he shrugs and says, “Not much to tell. Though all the previous times I caught Derek glaring at me midlesson suddenly made sense.”

There is another clang and Derek stomps out of the gym. Apparently he has given up on his faulty machine. When Stiles turns back to Isaac, Isaac is wearing the biggest grin Stiles has seen on him yet.

“You continue to be a constant joy to everyone here, Stiles,” he says.

Stiles might not know why Isaac is suddenly being so nice, but he’s always abided by the old rules about horses’ mouths and looking into them. Okay, that’s a total lie, Stiles *always* looks, but he’s totally willing to take this compliment since he’s distracted by the recent memory of Derek’s brooding ass stomping into the staff room.

*

Derek feels his face heat when Stiles mentions how he had eyed him while doing yoga. It’s not really a surprise, actually, that Stiles noticed—it’s why Derek tried to get away from him. What *is* a surprise is that Stiles thought he was a homophobe. Also, he’s pretty disturbed by Stiles’s imagery of hot sex and murder. Really disturbed.

Isaac, the bastard, is clearly laughing silently at him. He keeps throwing glances Derek's way as if to say, "Really, Derek? You're such a failure of a human being." Okay, so maybe Derek's the one thinking that last part, but Isaac is clearly amused.

Not, though, as amused as Laura, who is working in one of the rooms on the other side of the gym, and thus no farther away from Stiles and Isaac than Derek is. Laura is laughing her head off.

It's quite loud. Probably painful. Also, she's going to have to stop to take a proper breath soon. Or maybe she won't and will pass out from oxygen deprivation. Derek can only hope.

Derek tries to ignore them all, but Stiles *keeps talking*, and eventually Derek gives up. He just... can't. So he runs away and hides in the staff room, grateful he hadn't been working with a client. He can only stand so much public humiliation at a time.

It doesn't help that Stiles apparently knows all about Derek's stupid crush. At least he's trying to be nice about it to Derek's face, though Derek could do without him talking about it where he thinks Derek can't hear.

Because now fucking *Laura* knows that Stiles knows. And so does Isaac. It's only a matter of time before Erica finds out, and once she finds out Derek might as well just put an ad up on the gym's bulletin board. Soon even Derek's mom will start looking at him with that awful expression of pity like everyone gave him for *months* after Kate—

Derek doesn't realize what's happening until he's on the floor in the corner with his arms in front of his face, his heart racing in his ears and his breath coming too fast.

With all the noise he's making, it's no wonder he doesn't hear the door open. But Laura's familiar scent washes over him, and he's vaguely aware of her moving a chair out of the way so she can pull up some floor beside him, their shoulders just barely brushing.

"I locked the door," she says conversationally, with not even a hint of pity, even as she touches his wrist, pulling it away from his face as she draws the panic out. "It's Isaac's fault so he can wait for his microwavable burrito."

Derek swallows and keeps his gaze straight ahead. "Those things are disgusting. They taste like chemicals."

Laura makes a sound of agreement but doesn't let go yet. "Do you think because he used to be human, he just can't taste properly?"

"Maybe." Derek flexes his fingers and pulls his wrist out of her grip. "Thanks," he says awkwardly.

Laura leans her head on his shoulder. "No problem, little brother. Should I not have told him about the sweet tooth?"

He huffs. "If you hadn't, I'd just be a pathetic cliché asshole with a crush on the yoga instructor. At least I got cupcakes."

“Good cupcakes,” agrees Laura, “that you hoarded and didn’t share, even though I helped get them for you.”

Derek side-eyes her. “No one shares cupcakes from Frosted Tip. No one.”

Laura hums her agreement. “On the upside, you might be a pathetic cliché, but I don’t think you’re the only one. It’s pretty trite to have a crush on the personal trainer.”

Derek is pretty sure that Stiles does not have a crush. Sure, Stiles obviously thinks Derek is good-looking, but most people think that. They also all seem to agree that he does not have a personality to match. He’s been called a lot of things just outside the range of human hearing, but usually it comes down to the fact that he’s socially awkward, too intense, or too scowly. Or all of the above.

“Don’t,” he says to Laura, and surprisingly enough, she doesn’t. Instead, she sits with him on the floor for another ten minutes and doesn’t bring up Stiles again, not even once.

*

Things get weird at work. Also, a little depressing, because Derek suddenly disappears. Stiles knows Derek is at work because he occasionally catches sight of him working a client through the stations, but Stiles doesn’t see him working out on his own, or in the staff room. Stiles doesn’t even run into him in the bathrooms. Derek is not to be found anywhere.

Or, he’s not to be found anywhere by Stiles. No one else seems to be having trouble spotting the elusive Grumpy Derek-Haleous.

So that sucks.

Stiles makes it most of a week without really seeing Derek at all before Laura catches him on his way to the locker room one Thursday evening. “It’s an emergency, your shower can wait,” she says firmly.

Stiles couldn’t wriggle out of her grip even if he tried, so he lets her drag him down the hallway. “Okay?”

Laura shoves him into the manager’s office, then reaches behind her to shut the door firmly.

“Uh,” Stiles says. Derek’s leaning against the far wall, looking miserable. Talia has her head in her hands. Even Erica looks glum. “What’s going on?”

“It’s about Isaac,” Laura says.

Well, at least Stiles isn’t getting fired. On the other hand, now he’s starting to panic about something else. “Is he okay?”

“No,” Erica says bluntly. “Laura overheard him and Scott talking this morning.”

Stiles wonders how she managed that, because he's pretty sure Laura was nowhere in sight when he finished his class that morning and saw Isaac and Scott talking at the desk, but that's not important. "Oh God," he realizes. "Don't tell me he told Isaac about—"

"Allison Argent," Talia says.

Oh. *Oh*, no wonder Derek's making that face, Jesus. Stiles rubs a hand over his eyes. "Scott, you actual moron." He looks up. "Scott and Allison have been on-again off-again since high school. Scott's convinced she's his one true love. They're actually disgusting together. Like, there should be a law against one couple having that much dimple between them." He winces. "Please tell me she didn't come in, at least." Stiles is pretty sure sheer mortification would keep Allison from setting foot in the gym her aunt tried to burn to the ground, but Scott can be persuasive.

"No," Talia says. "Thankfully. But Isaac's been walking around all day looking like...."

"A kicked puppy?" Laura supplies.

Derek makes a face.

Stiles sighs. "Do you want me to talk to Scott? Normally I wouldn't interfere with his obliviousness, but this is bordering on cruel. He'd kick himself if he knew."

Talia slumps in obvious relief. "Would you, Stiles? I think maybe if he had some space...."

Stiles nods. "Yeah, I can totally convince him to switch to evening workouts." He offers an unhappy smile. "And make sure that he doesn't try to come in and *apologize* to Isaac." He's done it in the past.

"If only we could cheer him up," says Erica glumly.

Laura and Stiles nod their agreement.

And that's when the idea comes to him. "So," Stiles says, "anyone ever been to the Jungle? Down on Pinewood?"

Interestingly, Laura and Erica both nod straight away, even though Derek remains motionless until Laura gives him a not-so-gentle nudge with her elbow.

"That's what Isaac needs," says Stiles definitively.

The others exchange a glance and Erica says hesitantly, "Are you sure...?"

Stiles cocks his head. "Have you been there in the last six months?" None of them have. Well, that explains that. "Trust me, Isaac wants to go out to dance and order too many drinks from Danny."

"Danny?" Laura looks intrigued.

“My ex. Okay, well, mostly just a friend from high school, but we dated for like three months my first year of college. I would just like you all to remember that when you meet him.”

“That’s pretty optimistic of you,” Talia says.

Stiles waves a hand. “You’ll understand. Also Danny’s been complaining about his gym for ages. He’ll switch.” Stiles doesn’t mention that he’s suggested as much to Danny before, but Danny shrugged the idea off. Too much work, apparently.

He has a feeling Isaac and his cheekbones will be able to persuade him.

“He works Thursday nights,” Stiles continues, “so if you want, we could bring him out tonight?”

Laura and Erica exchange glances. “I have a date with Boyd,” Erica says with an apologetic shrug. “We’re seeing the new Avengers movie. We already have tickets and everything.”

Far be it from Stiles to come between a woman and her superhero movie.

Laura shakes her head. “I can’t—I’m closing up tonight.”

Talia looks at Derek. Derek looks at the ceiling.

Stiles is uncomfortably aware of the silence.

Finally Talia prompts, “Derek?”

Derek sighs and finally meets Stiles’s gaze. “Pick you up at ten?”

*

Stiles spends the evening napping, getting ready, and silently freaking out over how the hell he’s going to manage to control himself if Derek shows up to his house in clubwear and then proceeds to shake it on the dance floor all night. When the doorbell rings, Stiles shoves a wad of cash into his pocket and jams his feet into his shoes, only to half trip out the front door and right into Isaac.

Stiles reminds himself Derek doesn’t know Scott lives with him, so he wasn’t being mean making Isaac go to the door. Besides, this way he doesn’t have to take in the full Derek Hale head-to-toe in clubbing gear all at once, he gets it in increments: leather jacket. Tight shirt. Tighter jeans.

God have mercy.

Things start off pretty much as planned. They get into the club, Isaac is adorable and gets eyed by half the patrons, Derek is broody and gets eyed up by the rest, Stiles takes them to the bar and suggests that they all start off with hairy coconuts (a club specialty), and Danny gives Isaac the most chivalrous elevators eyes he’s liable to receive that night (or ever).

He also gives Isaac a free shot when Stiles mentions they're out to cheer Isaac up. It comes with a complimentary dimple flash. If Danny can't take Isaac's mind Scott for one night, nobody can.

*

Derek hates everything.

He hates how easily his mother and Laura manipulated him into going dancing with Stiles and Isaac. He doesn't care *what* the justification is—he's pretty sure this is essentially a chaperoned date. Only Stiles doesn't know it, so it's even more pathetic.

He hates the way Stiles's stupid skinny jeans fit him. After a solid two months of being subjected to that ass in yoga pants, Derek should be immune, but no. The shirt Stiles has on is so tight Derek can see his nipples. They're *perky*. And Stiles keeps ordering drinks with suggestive names. Derek could've gone his whole life without hearing Stiles pronounce the words "blow job."

Plus, Isaac is still depressed.

Stiles gets one more drink into him and then shepherds him toward the dance floor with a glance back over his shoulder at Derek. "Three's company," he offers with a slight smile.

Derek looks at them, then back behind the bar, where Stiles's ex is smiling like the sun at an unsuspecting patron. No wonder Stiles isn't interested in Derek if that's his usual type. "I think I'll sit this one out," he says.

He tells himself he's imagining the flash of disappointment on Stiles's face. "Your loss," he says easily. "Come on, Isaac. Let's make 'em sweat."

If Derek never takes his eyes off the two of them while he leans back against the bar, well. They're too busy to notice.

"So you must be Derek," says a voice from behind him.

Derek looks over his shoulder at Danny.

"Stiles told me about you," he explains with the quirk of a dimple.

What does *that* mean, Derek wonders. "Oh?"

Danny nods, reaching for a plastic cup and holding it under the tap. "He felt really bad that he got the wrong idea about you. Spent half the night talking my ear off about it." He looks up. "I'm glad you decided to give him a second chance."

What.

Derek swallows. "Me too," he says.

Across the dance floor, Isaac has abandoned Stiles in favor of—dear God, Derek hopes those aren't twins. He seems to be enjoying himself, at least.

Stiles is not so lucky. As Derek watches, he moves away from an older man who keeps trying to put his hands in Stiles's pockets. Maybe that's too subtle, or maybe the guy's just drunk, or maybe he isn't taking no for an answer. The third time he does it, Derek decides he's had enough. He pushes off the bar and stalks his way through the writhing bodies until he reaches Stiles.

He never takes his eyes off the other man, not even as he reaches out and pulls Stiles—who looks back with wide, amused eyes—against his chest.

He maybe lets his eyes flash blue and bares a little fang at the guy. He knows from experience that people will put it off as bad lighting and too much to drink.

Under Derek's hand, Stiles's stomach contracts with laughter. "Did you just glower that guy into getting a clue?" He leans his head back against Derek's shoulder and grins. "Thanks for the save, grumpy. Change your mind about that dance?"

Derek shrugs. He tries not to think too hard about Stiles calling him grumpy, or about how it doesn't feel like an insult from him. "You looked like you needed a save."

"Hm, maybe. Though I could have gotten rid of him by myself. I was just being polite."

Derek hums noncommittally. He might be socially awkward, but he's not so clueless as to argue with a man about his ability to defend his own honor.

"So why aren't you dancing?" Stiles shimmies his hips, and Derek stops himself from popping claws, though his fingers do twitch. "Because I know you can dance."

Just because Derek can dance doesn't mean that he likes to. Derek considers saying this, ends up saying, "Because," instead.

"Illuminating." Stiles grins. Then pushes his ass back into Derek's groin and sways.

Oh dear Lord. Derek might be slow, but he's pretty sure that that's a fair indication Danny didn't have the wrong impression about Stiles after all.

The song changes from something unfamiliar but obnoxiously loud to one that is all too familiar. Derek heard the song way to many times during his two weeks as a Zumba instructor.

"Ooh, Shakira! That's your jam, yeah?"

Then Stiles reaches back to put one hand on Derek's. The other he drapes around Derek's neck. "Start dancing, Zumba boy."

Okay, Danny *definitely* didn't have the wrong impression about Stiles. Derek should really go say thank you. Later. Much later.

For now he hooks his head over Stiles's shoulder and forgets his no-dancing policy.

To be more precise, he forgets everything except Stiles: the way his body moves against Derek's, the smell of his sweat and arousal, the quickening beat of his pulse under the thud of the music.

When his hand slides down Stiles's belly until his fingers slip under the fabric of Stiles's jeans, Derek legitimately has no idea if he moved or Stiles did. All he knows is the catch of Stiles's breath and the sound of him swallowing and the scratch of coarse hair under his fingertips. Then Stiles leans his head back on Derek's shoulder and murmurs, "Yeah?"

There's no way Stiles has missed Derek's erection, the way he's grinding against it. "You knew," he points out, nosing a little closer to Stiles's ear than strictly necessary, even for human hearing.

"Hmm," Stiles agrees. Without missing a beat, he turns in Derek's arms so they're chest to chest. His eyes are wicked. "You weren't exactly subtle." For added irony, or maybe just to short-circuit Derek's brain, he rubs their groins together. "Besides, I was watching."

Oh. Ohhh. Right. "Oh," says Derek dumbly, which is mostly Stiles's fault because their dicks are still pressed together.

"Yeah," Stiles murmurs, and then he leans in close, and Derek very much wants to kiss him. But just as he's about to close the distance, he becomes woefully aware of Isaac disentangling himself from the twins, who aren't taking things so well.

Derek turns to see Isaac staring their way with big puppy eyes. It looks like being happy for them is fighting a war against pettier emotions.

"What?"

Derek turns back to Stiles. "We're here for Isaac tonight. We should...."

"Oh, right. Yes. But, uh—"

"Yes. Um, later?"

Stiles nods. "Later." Then he gives a cheeky smirk. "A real date?"

"Definitely." Then Derek pulls himself away so he can go find Isaac and pull him back to the bar. When he glances over, he sees that Danny has the situation well in hand. Maybe Stiles was right.

*

"I was so right!" Stiles says happily, drunkenly, as Derek drives him home from Isaac's. Derek dropped him off first since Isaac was sober and lived closer. Stiles is apparently too drunk to notice that Isaac recovered a little too quickly from his few dozen drinks.

“Jungle was exactly what Isaac needed. And Danny! Did you see the way Danny was looking at him? I knew he’d want a piece of that... totally Danny’s type.”

“He’s not very much like you,” Derek points out.

Stiles shakes his head. “Nah, he’s a lot like me. Tall, pale, and kind of sassy. Only he’s sweeter and nicer than me. That’s why it didn’t work out, I’m not a good enough person for Danny. Danny is too nice for me.”

Derek swallows hard. “So I’m...?”

“Broody and asocial. That’s okay, I like ’em asocial. And stoic. Stoic is good. Also, you’re not nicer than I am. Nice people don’t want to date me. I’m not nice.”

Derek sighs. “Debatable. Also, you’re drunk.”

“Mm-hmm,” Stiles agrees, shimmying in his seat. What is he—oh God. “S funny,” he says as he unbuckles his belt. “Drinking and dancing always make me kind of—”

Derek grits his teeth when the scent hits him. Here in the car, it’s more powerful than in the club, more intimate, inescapable.

“Horny,” Stiles finishes. There’s a change to the quality of his speech, like he’s finding it easier to focus on this topic.

“Stiles,” Derek says helplessly, white-knuckling the steering wheel. They’re only three blocks from Stiles’s. He can’t possibly be so desperate he can’t wait five minutes. “Do your pants up.”

“Mm, no.”

Derek concentrates on the road because if he doesn’t, even his superhuman reflexes won’t save them. He can hear Stiles’s hand moving, smell the way Stiles is soaking through his shorts. He hasn’t actually taken his dick out of his pants yet, but it’s probably only a matter of time.

“So, what’s going to happen,” Stiles tells him as he coasts past a stop sign. “You’re gonna drop me off. Maybe give me a good night kiss. But you’re not going to fuck me.”

When Derek chances a look at him out of the corner of his eye, Stiles is watching him, lips slightly parted. He swallows. “You’re drunk,” he repeats.

Stiles nods. “Yeah, and you’re the guy who would beat himself up about taking advantage. I like that ’bout you.” Derek catches the movement of his arm in the light from a streetlight as they pass, and refocuses on the road. “So instead you’re gonna walk me to my door, and then I’m gonna get into bed and jerk off thinking about your dick in my mouth.”

Derek’s claws put holes in his steering wheel. He clears his throat. “Then what?” His voice sounds like sandpaper anyway.

“Then tomorrow you pick me up for our date. At seven. Take me to a fancy restaurant, wine me and dine me.” Stiles’s breath hitches. “Or, you know—we could just stay in.”

Derek might hit the brakes a bit too hard when he pulls up in front of Stiles’s place. “You’re home,” he croaks. Then he turns off the car and gets out to help Stiles out.

“Aw! Derek, are you walking me to the door?”

“You’re drunk. I can’t be sure that you won’t brain yourself.”

“You’re so sweet!” Stiles coos as he levers himself out of the car and onto his unsteady feet. He leans a little too hard into Derek’s shoulder as he does his belt back up.

Derek tries not to think about it and pulls him to the front step. “Keys?”

Instead of trying to find his keys, Stiles just leans on the doorbell. There’s cursing from inside the bungalow, and then stomping, and finally the door is unlocked and yanked open by—

“Scott! Thanks for the assist!”

Scott takes in Derek and Stiles and his frown disappears. “Ah. So that’s why you can’t open your own door.”

“Too drunk! Hey, you’re topless, does that mean that Allison is here? Allison!” Stiles stumbles into the house, and Derek reluctantly releases his grip. Fortunately, Scott’s reflexes are pretty good.

“He’s all yours,” Derek says past his dry throat. “Be sure he gets plenty of water. He’s had a lot tonight.”

“It’s *Thursday*,” Scott points out.

Derek shrugs.

“Psh. Thursday is the new Friday. Plus, it was a ’mergency!” Stiles says from where he’s leaning on Scott’s shoulder. “A clubbing ’mergency for Isaac. He needed to meet Danny asap.”

Scott’s eyebrows go high. “You had to introduce Isaac to Danny today?”

“Scott?” A girl who must be Allison wanders out from the bedroom wearing only a man’s shirt, her hair tousled. She’s ridiculously beautiful, and obviously sweet if the way her eyes crinkle at the sight of Stiles says anything, but Derek still tenses up. “Oh, hello.” She smiles at Derek.

Derek doesn’t do anything.

Stiles, bless his drunken little soul, suddenly clues in and says way too obviously, “Welp, good night, Derek! I’ll see you tomorrow!” He waves good-bye. Then pushes the door shut.

Derek rolls his eyes and goes back to his car. He's too tired for this shit.

*

On Friday morning, Stiles regrets nothing. Well, okay, maybe he regrets drinking too much for Derek to consensually screw him six ways from Sunday, but it looks like he's getting a second chance at that, so whatever.

Also he regrets that he still has to teach early classes, because he got maybe four hours of sleep. Looks like it's going to be a triple espresso morning.

But that's okay because being up early means he can forestall any more tragedy.

"Hey, Scott," Stiles says when he enters the kitchen. "I'm going to ask you to do something and you should just do it and never ask me why."

Scott frowns at him. "Are you still drunk?"

"No. Also, shut up, we're not talking about me."

With a roll of his eyes, Scott turns to the coffeemaker. "Why can't I ask why?"

Stiles sighs and grabs a bowl for his cereal. "Remember that thing with Jenna Carter and I told you you didn't want to know and you made me tell you anyway?"

"Ugh, yes." Stiles can see Scott's agreement in the slump of his shoulders. Awesome.

"Go back to bed, Scott. Go have sleepy morning sex with Allison and move your workouts to the afternoon."

Oh God, the frown returns. "But if I do that I won't get to talk to—"

"Well, that's all I have to say!" Stiles cuts him off. "Oh, would you look at the time! I'm running late, guess I'll have to eat my breakfast in the shower."

Okay, so he runs away. Who could blame him?

Stiles doesn't know how much Scott figures out. He just knows that when he leaves twenty minutes later, Scott's bedroom door is shut and his runners are still by the front door.

*

Stiles doesn't have any afternoon classes on Friday, which means that he leaves the gym before Derek arrives. Not, however, before Danny stops by to sign up.

The afternoon off is a good thing, though, because it means that Stiles has time to get ready. Okay, so maybe giving Stiles a whole afternoon off before an evening date is not the best idea since he can't take that nap like he probably should. Instead he ends up baking banana bread. And cookies. And brownies.

As he stands in the mess of his kitchen, staring at all the food, trying to figure out what to take with him, he suddenly realizes it's after six.

Right. Time to shower. Normally Stiles can shower in under a minute if he needs to, but today he wants to make sure he's *extra* clean. He doesn't want to discourage any ideas Derek might have.

Unfortunately the extra time means that when Derek rings the doorbell, Stiles still has brownie crumbs on his fingers.

Stiles throws the door open. "Hi! So Scott's at your gym right now, but he'll want to come home later, unless I tell him to go visit Allison tonight. Want to come in?"

Derek blinks. "Um, are we not going out for dinner?"

"Nah, I've decided: we should stay in."

"Ah." A smile tugs at Derek's lips, and Stiles licks his own, because damn, Derek's face is twice as gorgeous when he smiles.

Stiles is in big trouble.

"You should tell Scott to stay at Allison's," Derek says decisively, and okay, wow, yes, that does it for Stiles, absolutely. Who needs hearts and flowers? He's never sent a text message so fast in his life.

When he finishes, he throws his phone on the couch. "So—"

But that's as far as he get before Derek kisses him, rough and dirty and perfectly controlled, fucking his tongue into his mouth in a delicious tease. His stubble burns against Stiles's lips and skin, and it's so good he has to dig his fingers into Derek's shoulders to keep himself upright.

Then Derek goes one step further: he hooks his hands under Stiles's thighs and hoists him up his body and—*thank you Jesus*—starts walking back toward Stiles's bedroom like he has some kind of freaky sex GPS.

Which, actually, that would be awesome for a lot of other reasons too.

Stiles never gets a chance to think about them, though, because Derek scrapes his teeth over Stiles's bottom lip and all remaining coherent thought flies out of his head. The door slams shut behind them and Derek drops Stiles in the middle of the bed before crawling—*stalking*—in after him. Yeah, Stiles gets it. Derek: apex predator. Stiles: extremely willing prey. He is ready to be devoured.

Apparently Derek's on board with that, because he shoves Stiles's legs apart—thank you, yoga—tears his T-shirt over his head, and fastens his mouth at the base of Stiles's throat. It's hot, wet, and occasionally *sharp*, and Stiles bites back a mewl as he scrabbles at Derek's Henley. He needs to get his hands on Derek's naked skin, like, last week.

“*Christ*, Derek, take off your clothes,” Stiles pants, but he can’t do anything to help because his hands have decided they’re very happy holding Derek’s face against his neck by his hair.

Derek lets out a growl into the skin of Stiles’s collarbone. Stiles is unreasonably turned on by that. “Oh my God, why weren’t we doing this weeks ago?”

Derek just growls again.

Then he suddenly pulls away. Stiles makes an unhappy noise, but he forgives Derek when Derek pulls his shirt off in one move and then follows it up with Stiles’s pants. Not exactly the equitable clothes removal Stiles was thinking of, but he’s okay with it because Derek’s abs are a thing of beauty.

“Fuck, you’re gorgeous.” Derek grunts and puts his mouth to Stiles’s belly. Which, Stiles isn’t complaining, but he’s not sure what Derek finds so fascinating about his treasure trail.

A lot, apparently. Because Derek drags his tongue and teeth all over Stiles’s stomach. And when Stiles reaches down to push at Derek’s head, babbling the whole time about *Derek please can you... my dick*, Derek grabs Stiles’s hands and pins them on Stiles’s chest.

Stiles whimpers and gives up. Derek wins all the hotness awards.

Stiles might have said that last bit out loud, but Derek just put his teeth to the inside of his right thigh, so it’s Derek’s fault.

“Shit, fuck, ohmygod, are you gonna leave a mark?” Stiles says breathlessly, squirming in a vain effort to get Derek to *touch his dick already, oh my God*. “Derek was here? Because—” Stiles cuts off when Derek presses his thumb over his asshole through the material of his briefs. “Hnnngh. What was I saying? Forget whatever it was and take your pants off already.”

Derek scrapes his stubble up the inside of Stiles’s left thigh. “What’s the magic word?”

“Holy fuck!” Stiles curls his hands into fists. He’s never been this hard without someone actively touching his cock before. “How come you’re all—” Derek cups his balls and Stiles’s eyes roll back in his head. “Oh God, you’re a tease,” he moans. “That’s awesome.”

Derek laughs against his skin, then hooks his fingers in the fabric of Stiles’s underwear. And then—Stiles doesn’t know, his underwear must spontaneously combust or something, because Derek doesn’t pull them down but Stiles is suddenly naked all the same.

Derek is a magic sex guru, apparently.

“So about that thing where you get naked,” Stiles tries again, his mouth dry. He can’t focus on anything but the way Derek is nosing up the crease of his groin, never looking away from Stiles’s eyes. “I would really like to help you with that, but I’m sort of.” He flexes against Derek’s grip. Yeah, those hands are not going anywhere Derek doesn’t want them. “Stuck.” He swallows. “You could let me touch you. I promise to be gentle.”

“All the more reason not to let you go,” Derek says in a deep rumble.

Stiles shivers. “What?”

“You were threatening to be gentle.” His eyes are nearly black, and the look he’s giving Stiles makes Stiles want *all the things*.

“I was trying to be sensitive to your needs! I don’t have to be gentle, just let me touch you! I can help you take off your pants.” Stiles lifts a foot and runs it down one of Derek’s legs.

Derek lets out a shiver of his own and then... freedom! Stiles places his released hands right on Derek’s belt.

“Not that I was objecting to demonstrations of strength or to, you know, the hand-holding thing, but Jesus I want to see your dick.”

Derek huffs a laugh into Stiles’s collarbone and doesn’t stop him from pushing Derek’s pants and underwear down to midthigh.

Stiles looks down and makes an inarticulate noise, because damn, Stiles needs to feel that, to touch it, to get it inside him right now—ass or mouth, he’s not picky.

When he wraps fingers around Derek’s girth, Derek grunts and then leans in to kiss Stiles’s mouth with hungry, bossy kisses. Suddenly his weight is resting on Stiles, and their dicks are lined up, and Derek is moving. Stiles whimpers and wraps a leg around Derek’s hips to pull him closer.

After a few moments he adjusts, regaining the power of speech, and pants into the space between their mouths: “You do remember I’m like Gumby, right? Very flexible.”

Derek runs a hand through his hair, cradles the back of his head. “I know. I’ve seen you fold your body in half. I haven’t thought about anything else since.” Derek knows how to stroke a man’s ego.

“I think, I think we should do that. Unless you wanted to explore many different positions,” Stiles tries to joke, but it falls kind of flat because he’s way too fucking horny.

Derek makes a hot noise into the skin of Stiles’s neck. “Later,” he decides. “If I fuck you like I want to right now you’re going to have bruises.”

“I would—nnnnnh.” Stiles arches as Derek gets a hand around them both. “I would be okay with that. For the record. Sign me up for consensual sex bruising.”

Apparently Derek takes that as permission to suck an enormous hickey onto the skin of Stiles’s neck, just above his jugular. For half a second Stiles just goes nerveless, because *holy shit yes*. Then he gets with the program and rocks into Derek’s grip, digging his heels into the backs of Derek’s thighs and his fingers into the muscle of Derek’s shoulders.

Derek licks up his throat and tugs Stiles’s ear lobe into his mouth, and Stiles’s dick drools into his hand in return. “What else?” he asks, rubbing circles on the head of Stiles’s cock with his thumb.

“What? Oh fuck, keep doing that.”

Toes curling, Stiles takes a second to realize Derek’s repeated the question at least twice. “What else?” he asks, then licks over Stiles’s chin and into his mouth before sitting back far enough that—Jesus, far enough that he can watch his hand. “What else do you like?”

“Fuck, you want a list?” Stiles pants. Derek’s too far away like this; Stiles needs to touch him, but his arms won’t reach. Instead he settles his ankle on Derek’s shoulder. That should give him something to think about.

Derek shuffles forward far enough that Stiles feels the stretch, and presses a wet kiss to the inside of Stiles’s knee. “Why does it not surprise me that you have a list?”

“Everyone has a list,” Stiles tells him breathlessly. “You telling me you don’t want to see if I can suck my own dick while you fuck me? Because I’ve been dying to tick that one off for ages.”

Derek’s eyes go wide, and then he grunts and shudders into orgasm. Huh. Apparently the thought hadn’t occurred to him. Should Stiles pity Derek for not coming to the autofellatio conclusion?

Stiles runs his hands along Derek’s shoulders, calming as Derek pants.

“Jesus, you—” Derek mumbles and then kisses Stiles again. He picks up speed then, working to get Stiles off and get him off *now*.

“Derek, Derek, I wanted to... oh, fuck, yeah, to fuck. Fuck me, please say you’ll fuck me later. Tonight, tonight is good,” Stiles rambles. He’s so fucking close.

Derek grabs the hand Stiles doesn’t have curled in Derek’s hair and presses it into the bed. It’s a subtle show of strength that has Stiles’s mind spiraling into the gutter. “Oh fuck me!” he yelps and comes hard all over them both.

Stiles whites out for a while, but he comes to to discover that, huh, Derek is apparently a fucking aggressive postorgasmic cuddler.

“Ngh” is all Stiles can say, but he manages to loosen his fingers enough to pet Derek’s hair.

Derek just nuzzles his neck.

“That was, hm, very nice. Ten out of ten would bang again. Two thumbs up. Lather, rinse, and repeat.”

“You’re not making any sense,” Derek points out, though he sounds affectionate, so, whatever.

“*You’re* not making any sense,” Stiles mumbles. He shifts a bit, not wanting his legs to go numb, and... Jesus, what? “You’re also—oh my God, are you hard? Again?”

Derek freezes, his muscles stiffening like Stiles has brought up something awkward. Which, what? How are erections awkward? Well, okay, poorly timed erections, but sex erections aren't bad. Unless.... "Did you take Viagra before coming here? Are you on drugs?"

"No." Derek sounds more like a petulant fifteen-year-old than a debauched sex god. It's both amusing and disconcerting.

"Just asking," he points out, "since you're the one who got all weird when I said hello to Mr. Happy."

"Mr.... Stiles, don't name my dick."

"What? Why not? It's amazing and brings me great joy! And I feel it'll bring much more in the future." Stiles doesn't resist the urge to reach down and stroke said dick. It is indeed very hard, and Stiles has newfound appreciation for Derek's stamina. "Are you like this all the time?"

That makes Derek squirm a bit. Then he says very quietly and uncertainly, into Stiles's skin: "Yes."

"Okay. Why do you think I would consider this to be a bad thing?" Because Derek obviously feels shy about his crazy recovery time and sounds like he's bracing himself for rejection. Seriously, who the hell has this man been sleeping with?

He hears Derek swallow, and then he strokes his hand down Stiles's stomach, heedless of the mess. Or, more accurately, completely aware of the mess and seemingly enjoying it. "So I can...?" he asks, hesitating with sticky fingers on Stiles's hip.

Stiles must have been a very good person in a previous life, because he definitely hasn't done anything good enough to deserve this in this one. "Knock yourself out," he says weakly. "I'll catch up."

*

For a second all Derek can do is stare. He's never gone to bed with anyone who's taken his, uh, *condition* in such stride before. But then he gets a leash on his imagination and starts concentrating on the matter at hand. Before he realizes he's moved he has Stiles ass-up on the mattress, his face pushed into a pillow.

"Well *that's* never going to get old," Stiles says faintly, his voice muffled.

Derek bites him on the upper thigh, then soothes it with his tongue. "Where's your lube?"

But before Stiles can answer, Derek feels the tremor go through him and thinks, *Oh, really?*

Because Stiles smells of nothing more than sweat and come and soap here, and judging by his pulse he's starting to get interested again despite the fact that he came three minutes ago. "Never mind," he says, running his hands up the backs of Stiles's thighs.

When Derek follows the path of his palms with his teeth, Stiles says, “Oh my God” and melts further into the mattress, turning the lines of body into the most beautiful thing Derek has ever seen. “Are you—”

Derek cuts him off with the first touch of his tongue, a barely there tease that sends Stiles’s breath rushing out of him all at once. “Jesus fuck. How many of those boxes were you planning on ticking off tonight?”

Derek spreads him wider with his thumbs. “However many you let me.”

For a while after that Stiles doesn’t manage anything coherent, not that Derek’s listening to anything but the cadence of his breathing, the rush of blood through his veins, the slick noises of his own mouth against Stiles’s hole. When the pitch of Stiles’s pleas increases from *holy fuck* to *Derek, please*, Derek draws back and shoves two fingers in his mouth to get them wet.

Stiles takes them both easily, shoving back against the intrusion. “Derek if you don’t fuck me right now *I swear to God—*”

“What?” Derek asks. Stiles just moans. “What, Stiles? Inquiring minds want to know, what will you do?”

Stiles groans in frustration. “At this point? Come without you. Now get your dick in me!”

Derek doesn’t argue, just leans over to the nightstand, following the scent of latex, and finds condoms and lube. He takes a moment to bemoan the need for a condom—since he’s a werewolf it has more to do with Stiles not attacking him for unsafe sex than anything else—then opens the packet, rolls it on, and coats it in lube.

“Yeessss,” Stiles moans, scrambling to get his knees under him.

Derek considers Stiles on his knees—he looks fucking gorgeous, and normally Derek would love to take him from behind, but he’s been thinking....

Derek flips him onto his back.

Stiles giggles breathlessly. “Seriously, fucking awesome,” he says and pulls Derek in for a kiss.

Derek doesn’t deny him, just keeps kissing Stiles even as he lifts Stiles’s knees, throwing one leg over his shoulder to free up a hand to guide himself in.

Stiles makes the sweetest fucking noises as Derek pushes in. He’s hot and tight and Derek goes cross-eyed for a second.

“Derek, Derek.” Stiles sounds drunk, and Derek’s stomach swoops at the knowledge that *he did that*.

So he pulls back, then thrusts forward in one clean motion that has Stiles babbling and clutching at the blankets. It doesn’t take very long for Derek to realize Stiles is a screamer.

He's completely shameless in his enjoyment, pushing into Derek and gasping when Derek moves back in. He's fucking beautiful.

He's no less beautiful when Derek reaches up to push both of Stiles's knees towards the mattress, listening and watching him closely the whole while to make sure he doesn't push too far. Stiles is pretty much bent double before he starts to show signs of strain, which Derek thinks is beyond fair because Jesus, Derek has him folded in two.

"Think you could stay like this? Let me keep you here, still, while I fuck you?"

"Yes, fuck, yes, anything."

Jesus Christ, this kid is going to be the death of him, but what a way to go. Derek grits his teeth and puts a little more pressure on the backs of Stiles's thighs. "Do you need me to help you, or can you—"

Stiles keens and pushes one leg behind his neck to help bend himself into the right position before stuffing another pillow behind himself. Derek almost loses control and digs his claws into his own thigh to keep himself in check, because holy shit. Stiles looks up at him with wide eyes and a swollen mouth. "You break it, you bought it," Stiles tells him, pupils blown, one hand tight around his cock.

Then he takes the head of his own dick in his mouth. If Derek survives the next five minutes, they'll be the greatest five minutes of his life. He grits his teeth and concentrates on keeping his rhythm smooth, predictable. Stiles is human, and like this? Derek could break him so easily.

But apparently contact with Stiles's mouth has made *his* want to run away with him, because all the energy he's not putting into fucking Stiles through the mattress comes out his mouth in a steady stream of filth. "I bet you do this all the time," Derek murmurs, brushing his fingers over Stiles's cheek. "I would do it if I could, if I was this flexible." He pushes his thumb into Stiles's mouth beside Stiles's dick. "Did you, did you do this last night? When you were thinking about me?"

Stiles whines, a high-pitched sound that must feel unbelievable around the head of his cock. It's not an answer, but Derek wasn't really looking for the truth anyway. He presses forward again, measured, slow.

"I want to know what else you want," Derek says hoarsely. "I want to fuck you against the wall, I want to jerk you off in the shower. I want to come on your face."

Beneath him, Stiles makes a broken sound, and Derek licks his lips. "What? You wanted the list. I'm just"—thrust—"riffing."

Stiles lets out another moan, and Derek doesn't think he's wrong in guessing that Stiles wants to sass him but also doesn't want to take his mouth away from its current occupation. Who knew this would be the way to shut him up?

Stiles's orgasm, when it comes, is no surprise. It's preceded by a lot of moaning and twitching of his hips. By the time he shudders into stillness, he has his own come all over his face.

But Derek's orgasm blindsides him. He buries himself in deep, shuddering and gasping, overcome by the smell of Stiles's come and the clench of his muscles and the sight of Stiles licking semen from his lips. It's so intense that his arms give out for a second, which is unfortunate for Stiles. Happily he's much too limp to make a fuss.

Derek recovers and pulls out and away. His wolfier instincts grumble, but he honestly can't stay like that. Stiles might not be complaining now, but he will be soon if Derek doesn't let him stretch out.

"Best lay ever," Stiles says, cleaning the last of the come from his face with his thumb.

Derek laughs and shifts so that his leg falls over Stiles's right. "Not so bad yourself."

"Ugh. You broke me. I am broken."

A brief flash of alarm makes Derek look over, but Stiles is still limp and satiated and not, it would seem, actually broken. So he's just being overly dramatic. "Orgasms turn you into a drama queen. Good to know."

"Psh, what do you mean turn me into? Anita Hardon would be very disappointed in me if she knew you thought as much."

"Anita Hard-on?" Derek chokes out. *What?*

"Drag queen. She adopted me when I was sixteen. Scott and I went to a gay club: he got free drinks, I got drag queens. So unfair."

Derek can just picture twinkly Stiles in the middle of a gay club, and doesn't believe for a second that no one was interested. He suddenly has overwhelming gratitude for this drag queen. He wonders if he'll ever meet her and if she'll accept his thanks for protecting Stiles's probably virgin ass.

"Hm." Stiles sighs dreamily. "'M all sticky. Shower?"

"Yes." Now that he thinks about it, a shower sounds like a great idea.

"Carry me?" Stiles asks, and Derek... Derek can't resist a temptation like that.

*

It turns out Stiles was right. Derek? Total sex god. Like, wow. Stiles's nearest and dearest will be lucky if he deigns to come down from his cloud this week. Seriously, he just had the best sex of his life and now his personal and insanely hot man of the moment (boyfriend?) is carrying him to the shower.

Like he weighs *nothing*.

They are *definitely* fucking against a wall later.

Stiles leans contentedly against the wall of the shower, happy to let Derek take care of him. Who knew the guy was such a marshmallow once you'd let him fuck all the glowering out of his system?

"I know your secret," Stiles slurs as Derek massages shampoo into his scalp.

Derek stills against him for a moment until Stiles protests by leaning into the touch. "Oh?"

"Mmm," Stiles confirms. "You're a sap." He lets Derek tilt his head back to rinse the shampoo out, then opens his eyes and smiles. "You fuck like a machine, but you like *cuddling*. You're a snuggler. I bet you cling like an octopus when you're asleep."

Derek snorts quietly. "Maybe," he allows, reaching up with one hand and detaching the showerhead so he can clean the lube from Stiles's ass. What a gentleman.

"It's okay, I like it," Stiles tells him. "I like being the only one who knows you're secretly a teddy bear."

Derek sets the showerhead back in the bracket. "That secret's safe with you, huh?"

God, he sounds so *fond*. A guy could get attached. He looks fond too—his expression is soft, with the hint of a smile playing at the corner of his mouth. Stiles feels suddenly, incredibly possessive of that smile, like it's just for him. Like he'd gouge the eyes out of anyone else who saw it. So that's maybe not something you share on the first date. "*All* your secrets are safe with me," he says seriously. And then he looks down. Holy Jesus, Derek's hard again.

Derek looks at him with very serious eyes for a long moment before he breaks the tension with a nod. "Yeah, I'm starting to think I can."

Stiles frowns and give Derek his own serious eyes in return. "Why do you sound like you have an earth-shattering confession?"

Derek shrugs and won't give Stiles a straight answer.

Stiles offer to take care of Derek's hard-on again—he gives great head and he's practically salivating over the very idea—but Derek waves him off. "Too hungry. Need some energy first."

They end up sitting on the kitchen counter, eating leftover butter chicken and lo mein right out of the cartons. Then they eat the brownies. Derek makes obscene noises as he bites into the chocolaty goodness. The moan gets louder when he discovers there is caramel in them. "Stiles. These are amazing."

Stiles grins. "They were my backup plan in case you were reluctant to sleep with me. Wooing by chocolate."

Derek gives him a sweet, boyish smile, so Stiles feeds him more brownies and some of the cookies too.

After Derek puts away a staggering amount of baked goods—even Stiles’s inner fifteen-year-old boy is impressed—Stiles can’t help but say, “No wonder Erica bitches about your sweet tooth. How do you not weigh five hundred pounds?”

Derek flushes and looks down at his fingers, half still covered in crumbs, which he had been licking clean just moments before. “Um,” he says. Then he takes a deep breath and leans over to wash his hands in the sink. “So there’s something I need to tell you.”

*

For all that Derek’s been a werewolf his whole life, he’s never done this before, never laid it out for someone. When Derek figured out Isaac’s dad was hitting him, he went to his mother and let her do all the talking. She’s the Alpha. That’s her job.

Derek’s relationship with Stiles is not.

“Maybe you should sit down.” Derek pauses, because Stiles *is* actually sitting, just on the counter rather than a chair. “In something with a back,” he adds.

Stiles licks crumbs off his lips slowly, looking paler than usual. “Holy crap, Derek. Are you dying?”

Derek almost laughs. “No. God, I’m healthy, I promise. I am probably the healthiest person you’ll ever meet.”

“Okay,” Stiles says dubiously, but he slides off the counter and takes a seat at the kitchen table anyway. “I’m listening.”

Like ripping off a Band-Aid, Derek tells himself. “This is going to sound crazy.” Okay, so that’s not exactly ripping the Band-Aid off.

“Derek. Spit it out.”

Fuck it. “I’m a werewolf.”

Stiles stares at him. Then, very slowly, a flush rises in his cheeks. “Get out.”

Gutted, Derek takes a step back. He never thought—Jesus, Stiles thinks he’s a monster. That his whole family—his *pack*, his entire life—just like that, he’d drop them all. Because of this?

How has he not learned by now that history repeats itself? Derek always, always trusts the wrong person. He just thought Stiles was different. “I—” He can’t get the words out, but maybe that’s for the best.

Because Stiles keeps talking. “I mean, if you didn’t want a relationship with me, all you had to do was say so.” He slaps a hand on the table. “Yeah, I like you, okay, but I’m a big boy. Just tell me. You don’t have to make up some insane lie to make me think you’re crazy or—”

And Derek's an idiot. Telling someone you're a werewolf isn't like telling someone you have diabetes. He forgets sometimes, that humans don't just grow up knowing the supernatural exists.

Stiles suddenly stops midrant and frowns. "Why are you smiling?"

Derek *shifts*.

Stiles falls off his chair. Well, almost—now that Derek's secret is out, he can move quickly enough to catch him before he hits the ground.

"Jesus! What the fuck!" Stiles yelps, leaning against Derek's arm and staring wide-eyed up into his face. Derek has a moment to think that they probably look like they're in the middle of a rom-com. Then Stiles says, "Holy fucking shit! You're a werewolf!"

"Yeah," says Derek, unreasonably charmed.

Stiles touches Derek's face. He strokes down Derek's cheek and across his forehead. "Dude, what happened to your eyebrows?"

That makes Derek laugh. He straightens, pulling Stiles up again. "I don't know," he says honestly. "I've never understood it. You should see Laura."

Stiles grins. "I don't know, man, she doesn't have these." He rubs the pad of his thumb above Derek's left eye. "That is a lot of eyebrow to just disappear, dude."

Just for fun, Derek growls and makes his eyes flash blue.

Stiles gasps. "That was awesome! How did you do that?"

Derek shrugs. "I'm not sure. I just... do?"

"What else can you do? The eye thing, growling, super speed—oh my God, the libido!"

Derek flushes a bit, because he's never had to really deal with this before, explaining to someone why his dick doesn't have an off switch. He gives a tiny nod, but Stiles isn't really paying attention.

"What else?"

Derek shrugs. "Not much. Faster, stronger, better senses than humans. I heal faster."

"Not much, he says," Stiles scoffs. "My new boyfriend is just a superhero is all."

Heat rushes to Derek's cheeks. "Boyfriend?" he repeats, his heart skipping a few beats.

Stiles pauses midword—he was babbling something about healing factors—and squirms a bit, obviously embarrassed. "Um, well, I mean, if you want to? Because damn, I need to have sex that good every day. Maybe even twice. Or thrice. I hear you're up for it." He flicks his

gaze toward Derek's crotch. Derek's dick twitches in response. "I see some of you likes that idea."

"All of me likes that idea," Derek says with a playful growl.

Stiles shivers but still gets out a sassy response. "Good, because I've been dreaming about you holding me up against a wall to fuck me, and now that I know that your strength is supernatural, well... I bet you could probably hold me up and fuck me without the wall."

Derek's mouth goes dry, and he wets his lips. "Only one way to find out."

*

By the time Monday morning rolls around, Stiles has checked a surprising number of boxes off his list. And now that he has the real Derek in his bed for inspiration, he's added a lot more.

When he walks into work, Isaac takes one look at him and coughs into his hand. "Hey, Stiles. Good weekend?"

Stiles probably doesn't want to know what Isaac's wolfy senses are telling him about Stiles's weekend. "That's one way to put it," he says cheerfully. He wonders if it would be rude to tell Isaac he sexiled Scott for three whole days. Probably.

Isaac snorts. "You going to be able to teach?"

Stiles has finger-shaped bruises on his hips, ass, and the backs of his thighs, three noticeable hickeys *above* the neck of his shirt alone, a bite mark on his collarbone and one on his left butt cheek. He's a goddamn yoga instructor and he's still sort of pleasantly sore everywhere.

Plus Derek didn't want to let him leave the bed this morning. *Clingy octopus* does not even begin to describe Derek's cuddling habits. "I'm sure I'll manage somehow," Stiles says serenely. His shirt is tight enough that it shouldn't slip and show anything else even if he's upside-down.

The door opens behind him and Danny walks in. This is a very early hour to see someone who tends bar a couple times a week, and Stiles grins. "Guess I better get to it."

His first few classes pass in a blur of pleasantly burning muscles and curious stares. By eleven, Stiles is starving, so he makes for the staff room to grab a banana and some yogurt from the fridge.

Unfortunately for Stiles, the staff room is occupied. Laura whistles. "Wow, should we get him a muzzle?"

"Not only no, but hell no." Stiles settles into a chair at the table and shoves a spoonful of yogurt into his mouth. "You stay out of it and there may even be brownies in it for you. Derek says the cream cheese kind is your favorite."

Laura gives him a wry smile. "I have taught him well."

Derek shows up before Stiles has finished his banana, and looks at him with the same ridiculously fond expression he gave Stiles all weekend. Stiles figures he probably looks about the same since the next thing Laura says is “Ugh, you two are disgusting. I think I might be sick.”

Derek’s ears go red, but he remains collected as he glares at his sister. “I’m suddenly filled with the urge to reminisce, out loud, about the summer you were in love with... what was his name? Dom? Oh, no, that’s right, it was Dan. Because you used to call him Delicious Dan.”

“Whatever, just remember that I’m two years older, so I remember all the embarrassing stories about you.” She stands up and waves at them both on her way. “See you, boys. Don’t worry, Stiles, we’ll talk later.”

“I look forward to it.”

Derek grumbles, but mostly he just looks happy to see Stiles, so Stiles lets him crowd him up against a wall and greet him with kisses. He’s selfless like that.

After his last class, Stiles finds himself loitering in the weight room, flirting with Derek over one of the machines, reluctant to leave even though Derek’s supposed on the clock for another few hours. Talia finds them after Stiles, really getting into the semipublic flirting thing since Derek is clearly being affected, reaches up one arm to rest against one of the high struts of the machine, arching his back and putting his neck and arms on display. What? Stiles is into yoga, he’s very aware of the human body.

What he’s not so aware of is his shirt, which apparently inches up enough to give everyone, not just Derek, a peek at the numerous bruises around his waist not covered by his pants.

“Oh my, Stiles,” Talia says, voice filled with sympathy. “You seem to have gotten yourself into quite the accident. Hope those bruises don’t hurt too badly.”

Stiles imagines his face is even redder than Derek’s.

“I’m, um, okay?” Despite her unflinching look, Stiles has the horrible suspicion she knows exactly where the bruises came from and that this is her way of teasing her son. This woman is evil. She must never meet Stiles’s dad.

“Hm, well, glad to hear it. Now, Laura has been telling me that congratulations are in order!” She beams at them both. “Now that Derek finally got off his ass and said something, I just want to say how pleased I am.” She gives first Derek and then Stiles fond, indulgent looks during this speech. “I’d ask Derek to do the honors, but knowing him he’d probably forget, so I’m just cutting out the middleman. Besides, wouldn’t want anyone to be disappointed.”

“Pardon?” Stiles furrows his brow. He’s pretty sure that it’s not just him and that she actually stopped making sense there.

“You’re invited to family dinner, of course! Next Saturday, five on the dot. Derek’s father and his uncle Peter are just dying to meet you!” She beams.

Stiles feels the nerves knotting in his stomach. If Derek's wide eyes are anything to go by, he is experiencing a little more than simple nerves.

"Well, I'll see you two boys later. Don't forget: Saturday at five. Oh! And Cora will finally be home for the summer by then. You'll meet the whole family." She gives a little wave with her fingers and then disappears.

Stiles turns and sees that Derek has gone white as a sheet. "Stiles," he croaks, "how do you feel about running away?"

"I prefer the term 'tactical retreat,'" Stiles says numbly. "It has so much more dignity."

Derek is still pale, but he manages a shy smile and completes another set of reps on the machine. Wow, that's distracting. But then the smile fades and he says, "You don't have to."

"Don't be stupid. I have to meet them sometime."

Judging by Derek's expression, he wasn't too sure of that until just now. They're going to have to work on his self-esteem issues. "Okay."

"Besides," Stiles says, "I think I can handle a little teasing. You're the one who should be worried."

Derek raises an eyebrow. "Oh?"

"Oh," Stiles agrees with a nod. "Because yesterday? I sort of missed Sunday breakfast with my dad. Standing date."

"Oh," Derek repeats. He looks a little ill.

"Yeah," Stiles says. "I got his voice mail this morning. I have strict instructions to bring a good excuse this Sunday, so guess what."

"I'm your excuse?"

"You're my excuse." Stiles reaches out and runs a hand through Derek's hair. "And it's lucky you're obviously a good one, since my dad's the sheriff and asking probing questions is his job."

"Oh God." Derek's hand shakes a little as he rubs it over his face. It's adorable. "At least I'll heal if he shoots me."

Stiles snorts. "He's not going to shoot you. Though let's not explicitly tell him we didn't get out of bed all weekend except to eat and use the washroom." He pauses, then sees Laura across the room, her head tilted to the side, and adds, a little meanly, "Or about that thing with the washing machine."

Derek follows his gaze and grins at Laura's horrified expression. "Or the icing?"

“Especially not the icing.” Stiles nudges Derek’s foot with his own. “Now give me your house key.”

“What?”

“I’m done for the day,” Stiles says. “And after sexiling Scott all weekend, I feel like it’s only polite we spend tonight at your apartment, since you don’t have a roommate.”

Derek digs into his pocket. “But why am I giving you my keys?”

Wow, he really must be new to this whole dating thing. Stiles likes that. “You have the rest of your shift to think about it,” he says while Derek yanks a key off his lanyard.

Derek curses, and Stiles leans forward to press a quick, hot kiss to his mouth. “See you at home.”

Derek might be a werewolf, but Stiles doesn’t need superhuman senses to feel Derek’s gaze on his ass all the way to the door.

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